

CHLOE  
MADELEINE  
LEVESQUE

Chloe



## This is the story of your birth...

*“Before you were conceived I wanted you, before you were born I loved you, before you were an hour I would die for you. This is the miracle of love.” Maureen Hawkins*

Yours is unique story little one. Born in the caul on the full moon, by the time you were just a few minutes old you had already provided a rare and blessed opportunity for all those in attendance. I was privileged and honoured to be one of those witnesses. Your mama and papa hired me as their doula when you were just a tiny sesame floating around in your amniotic ocean. Upon returning from her first prenatal visit, mama was quite sad and disappointed. Although the physician had been kind and knowledgeable, she felt something lacking. Intangible to most, mama intuitively knew that this was not the path for her, nor you. Understanding that your aunty had quite a different experience, mama wisely connected with her, both to validate her feeling that something was missing, and to seek advice. Lucky for me, your aunty connected mama with me. With a little insider information, mama secured the services of a midwifery team, and invited me on board as well, to ensure that her birth, your journey, would be the sacred passage she instinctively knew it ought to be.

Date of Birth:  
June 14, 2014

Time of Birth:  
2:23 am

Weight:  
3300 grams  
7lbs, 5ozs

Height:  
50 cms

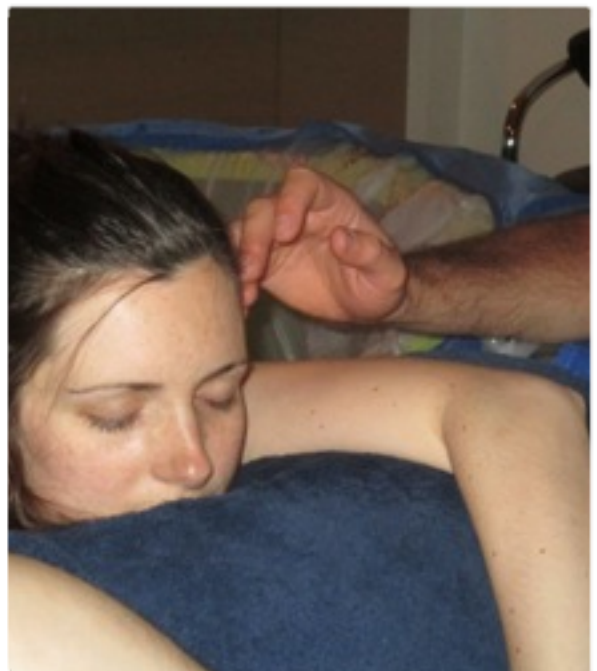


The first time we met, we discussed all the reasons why mama and papa felt that doula support would be helpful for them, and how they envisioned their birth. I'm pretty sure I went off on one of my rants about birth, and how it should be an empowering process and a rite of passage, rather than a medical procedure understanding that I had a fairly sympathetic audience in your parents. At the end of the meeting, the woman beside us confessed that she had been a midwife and was listening to our conversation, and happily let your parents know that I sort of sounded like I knew what I was talking about! Phewf! What a happy coincidence! If you are going to have an eavesdropper, best that it be a supportive one! Anyway, they did agree that we would work well as a team, and I was honoured and excited to support them. I was also excited to introduce them to my partner, Kirsten Wallace, who would also be on board supporting mom, dad and

you in this monumental journey. I just knew they would love her.

The next time we met was to go over your parent's vision for the birth. We discussed all of the things that can occur and some of the common procedures offered by midwives and physicians. We came up with a keyword, that your mama could use to access pain medication, although she never

*Friday, June 13, 2014, 8:08 AM - Call it what you want - the Strawberry Moon, the Rose Moon or even the Honey Moon - June's full moon has several names, but this particular one is rare enough that we haven't seen one since the year 2000, and we won't see another until the year 2049. What's different about the full moon this month? For anyone living in or eastward of the Eastern time zone, it falls on Friday the 13th.*



did. We discussed interventions and how to avoid them. We discussed some of the things that moms and dads can do to ensure that they are not subject to those interventions. Throughout the entire process your mama and papa were calm, grounded and enthusiastic. It was clear that they both truly believed that both you and your sweet, wonderful, strong mama were capable and wise.

Time passed by, and mama grew rounder and more beautiful. Mom and dad attended birth education with Amy Bidrman, a dear friend, and beautiful spirit, who also teaches parents how to trust and access the wisdom that already exists within. Mama did some yoga, maintained a healthy vegetarian diet, and continued to exercise as she had always done at the gym. All in all, you chose an excellent vessel in which to grow and be nourished, Chloe. For the most part, mama had very few complaints. It wasn't until the end

of her pregnancy when she began to experience some of the common ailments; swelling and a little bit of pubic pain. I offered some insights, and lucky for us both, they seemed to work! She was, and is, a beautiful soul, filled with gratitude, and kindness. And a very good student.

Doula Kirsten led your second meeting. I couldn't stay away though; so we all met together. Dad was very excited to be going on a camping trip, so we had to abbreviate our meeting, which can sometimes run very long as both Doula Kirsten and myself have a tendency to go on and on. We are very passionate about this work, Chloe. This meeting is to prepare moms and dads for the first stage of labour, when they are typically without the support of a doula or a midwife. Sometimes this stage of labour can last quite a long time,



*Making the decision to have a child is momentous. It is to decide forever to have your heart go walking around outside your body. Elizabeth Stone*





especially for our first time mamas! That said, we were not too concerned about your mama, as she possessed the trifecta of qualities to contribute to an ideal birth situation; a great deal of inner strength, a firmly held belief that women's bodies were capable and that birth is normal, and a great support system. A support system anchored by your dad, who so far seemed completely unfazed by anything we threw at him. He was also naturally intuitive and confident in mama's body, both of which bode very well for birth without intervention.

The Thursday before your birth, mama and I met for yoga in the park led by Amy. Mama had been enjoying her first week off work, and had lots of plans about how she would be filling her days prior to your birth. Knowing the full moon was the day following,



also, coincidentally Friday the 13th, I told her, half jokingly that she'd have you the next day. Amy, completely on board with my plan, made us all do some deep squatting. We left class happy and stretched out, mama excited to enjoy some free time.

However, you had other plans. You can imagine my surprise, Chloe, when I see my phone buzzing with mama's phone number the very next day. HA! I couldn't believe it. Mama let me know that things were happening, and it seemed likely that my prediction would come to fruition. We talked about all the things mom and dad would do to cope with those sensations as it was still quite early in her labour. And she graciously agreed to let me go get my hair done at 11:30 am. If only all my clients were so brilliant and cooperative, sigh.....



" Birth will take you soaring up into the skies, and take you down to your darkest, defeated moments. But you will always come out empowered and resilient." ...C. Hanson

Mama and papa laboured away, utilizing many of the positions that we discussed. They walked and swayed and ate and drank and did all the things that Doula Kirsten prepared them for in the early labour stage. I popped in after my haircut at around 2 pm, and made a couple of suggestions. I also left my doula bag, and some homeopathy, because it seemed like mama might have been having some back pain, which usually indicates that you might not have been ideally positioned. We also realized that mama and papa did not have a birth pool liner! I let them know I would meet with Kirsten and return with the liner as water seemed like a great idea. And although mama had successfully used the bath to help relieve some of those sensations, it's truly a wonderful thing to be completely submerged.

At about 5 pm I returned, with my two 'doula assistants' in tow. We drove right past mama and papa who were strolling down the street, hand in hand, under an umbrella as it was quite a rainy day. I provided the liner, and observed mama, who seemed to be getting a little closer. Her demeanour had changed from her usual happy, enthusiastic state, to somewhat more serious, and concentrated. I left again, knowing that I'd be joining them in another couple of hours.

At 10:45 pm your dad called me to let me know it was time. I arrived at 10:54 and mama was leaning forward and vomiting (birth is sometimes messy, Chloe). Her waves of expansion seemed to be quite on top of each other, two to three minutes apart perhaps. She still favoured forward leaning positions, and didn't really want any firm pressure on her back. So we did some asymmetrical squats and I spiked her water with Arnica and Pulsatilla. Your dad saw me doing this, and although I got a little eyebrow raise, I knew they trusted me so I continued. We laboured on the floor for sometime, and headed to the pool. Midwives' call the pool 'nature's epidural' and it seems that this held true for your mama as well. As soon as she was in it it seemed her expansions simultaneously softened and became more intense at the same time. Dad held your kitchen faucet running with warm water over her lower back while I continued to spike her water and talk her through the expansions. It was brilliant, and only a short time before it became clear that we needed to contact the midwives. At 12:07 am Saturday June 14, I took over faucet duties, and your dad called Elizabeth, who was your student midwife. Elizabeth wanted to talk to mama, as they do, to ensure that it wasn't an early labour stage.

Mama, of course, could barely respond, so Elizabeth took this quite seriously. The midwives were on their way. But not your midwives! You were supposed to be caught by the mount royal team, but you decided to join us while mount royal was on holidays, so instead, you got Morning Star!

In the meantime, knowing that it is usually beneficial to change positions frequently, and suspecting you might still be awkwardly positioned, I made mama get out of the pool and onto the toilet. Though she was a willing and cooperative labourer, I could tell that this was getting really hard for her and she was questioning how long she could continue like this. As a doula, I celebrate this! Transition! Yay! Mama was transitioning. This was wonderful news. The midwives arrived at 12:45 am. Mama was still sitting on the toilet, and just as they arrived the brilliant skies released the most beautiful torrent of rain! It was so cool Chloe; a full moon and a crazy rain storm! How could we possibly improve on that story!? The midwives took a few minutes to set up. We continued labouring on the toilet, but prepared mama for another transition to the bed to get checked. I knew she was ten



cms and we'd be pushing shortly, and that is exactly what midwife Helen confirmed at 1:31 am. She encouraged mama to get back in the tub for pushing as the water seems to help stretch the tissues.

Cooperative and still sweet mama hopped back into the pool and continued leaning forward over the edge as dad encouraged her with his supportive and loving words. Midwife Helen encouraged mama to try a backward leaning position as sometimes switching it up frequently helps to bring your little head around the pubic bone. And it worked! At 2:23 am on Saturday June 14, you were born peacefully into the loving arms

of your mother. Your mama and papa, both bewildered and moved by your presence, welcomed you, in between waves of emotion. The midwives and I marvelled at the ease with which you arrived, and your calm gentle nature. You didn't cry a single tear, not that day anyway. To this day I have not, myself, witnessed you cry, although I'm sure your parents will claim otherwise. We helped mama to the bedroom where midwife Helen examined her to end sure that all was well, and Elizabeth and I marvelled at your beauty. Midwife Julie helped you to find mama's nipple, and you had no problem latching on right away. In fact, the most major worry mama had within the first few days of your life was that she was worried you were sleeping too frequently! Pretty sweet, Ms. Chloe. I believe the way that we enter this world has a long lasting impact. Yours was a beautiful and serene entry, a likely preview of what comes ahead. You chose your parents wisely, little one. May you be safe in your journey. May you be healthy in body and mind, May you be happy. May you live with peace and ease. And may your life be filled with adventure, and love, so much love. Your doulas, Meagan, and Kirsten.